

BLUE CIRCLE COMICS

F.D.C.

NO. 6

APRIL

10¢

FEATURING...

BUGSIE SIEGAL

THE BLUE CIRCLE ZOOMS
FOR THE KILLER !!!





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TURN OF THE WHEEL

THE GIRL ♪ LOVED DRAGGED ME DOWN

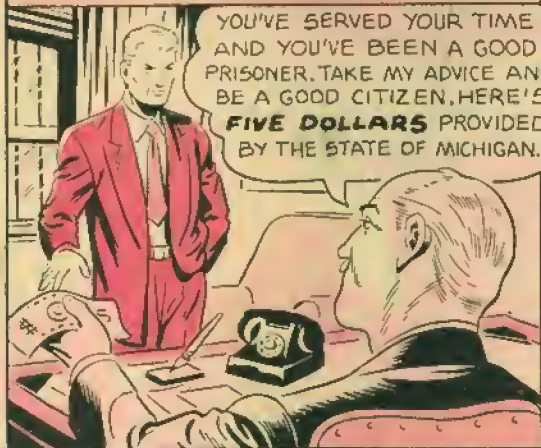
BILLY "BUGSIE" SIEGAL FORGOT A SIMPLE AXIOM IN HIS CAREER OF CRIME, THAT HE WHO LIVES BY VIOLENCE, DIES BY VIOLENCE. IN A SHORT BUT FANTASTIC CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE RACKETS ON THE WEST COAST, BUGSIE BROKE ALL THE RULES AND MOST OF THE LAWS, BUT WHEN HE STOLE HIS PARTNER'S GIRL, THE WHEEL OF HIS CRIMINAL CAREER CAME FULL CIRCLEAND STOPPED!

THE CRIME PACKED
CAREER OF
"BUGSY"
SIEGAL



A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

ON JUNE 6TH, 1940, WARDEN JOHN LITTLEFIELD SPOKE TO BILL "BUGSIE" SIEGAL IN HIS CARGMORE PENITENTIARY OFFICE



YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME AND YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD PRISONER. TAKE MY ADVICE AND BE A GOOD CITIZEN. HERE'S **FIVE DOLLARS** PROVIDED BY THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

IN A MOMENT....

STRAIGHT? SURE -- I'LL GO STRAIGHT BACK TO AN EASY BUCK AND A GOOD RACKET THIS TIME.

WHY -- YOU INSOLENT FOOL! GUARD! GET HIM OUT OF HERE AND IF HE EVER COMES BACK, HEAVEN HELP HIM!



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NEXT ISSUE 'COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE'
ON SALE 2nd WEEK OF SEPT.

COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

BILL "BUGSIE" SIEGAL, HAVING SERVED HIS TIME IN THE CARGMORE PENITENTIARY OF MICHIGAN WAS RELEASED ON JUNE 6TH, 1940....

THE NERVE OF THAT WARDEN MAKING A SPEECH ABOUT ME GOING STRAIGHT, I'LL SHOW HIM, BUT **THIS TIME** I WON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES.



TWO HOURS LATER, IN A DOWNTOWN BANK....

YOU CAN EXAMINE THE CONTENTS IN THIS ROOM, MR. SIEGAL. AND WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, I'LL LOCK IT UP AGAIN.



DON'T BOTHER, PAL. I'M CHECKING OUT.

IN A MOMENT....

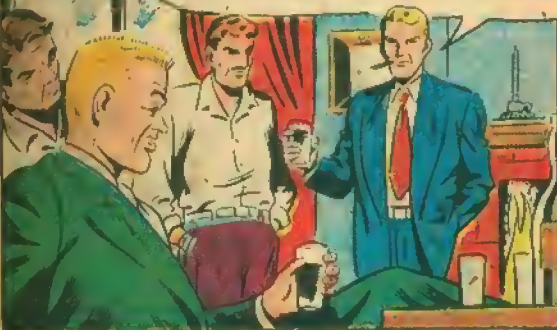
FIFTY GRAND! IT'S ALL HERE AND THIS DOUGH IS GOING TO START ME OFF IN THE **BIG RACKETS**.



THAT NIGHT IN BUGSIE'S HOTEL SUITE....

OKAY, BUGSIE, WHAT'D YOU WANT US FOR?

I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT. I'M MOVING INTO THE RACKETS ON THE WEST COAST. I'VE KNOWN YOU GUYS FROM THE OLD PURPLE GANG AND I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.



AFTER AN HOUR....

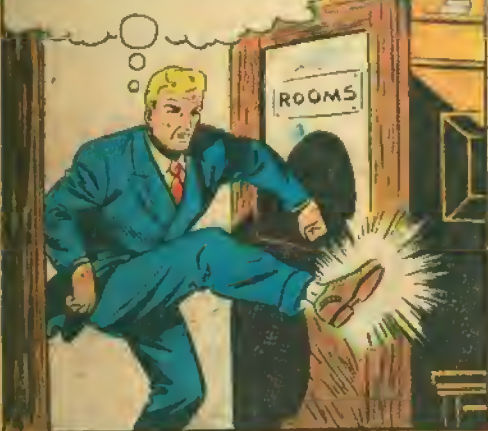
THE DEAL SOUNDS OKAY. YOU CAN COUNT US IN.

GREAT! YOU CAN CLEAN UP YOUR BUSINESS HERE AND MEET ME IN CALIFORNIA NEXT MONDAY.



BUT BUGSIE HAD SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF HIS OWN TO ATTEND TO AND....

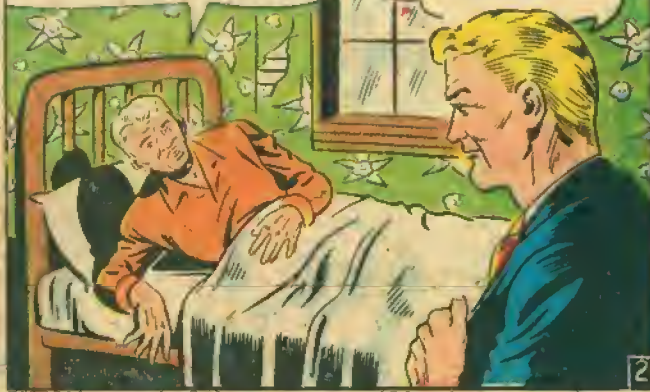
SO THIS IS WHERE WHITEY MERROW LIVES NOW. HE'S SURE COME DOWN IN THE WORLD.



MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE ROOM....

BUGSIE! YOU GOT NO RIGHT BREAKING IN LIKE THIS, I DON'T WANT NOTHING MORE TO DO WITH YOU. I'M GOING STRAIGHT NOW.

THIS IS JUST A **SOCIAL CALL**, WHITEY. A **SOCIAL CALL** TO TEACH A **SQUEALER** A LESSON.



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I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A LUMP FOR EVERY WEEK I SPENT IN STIR.

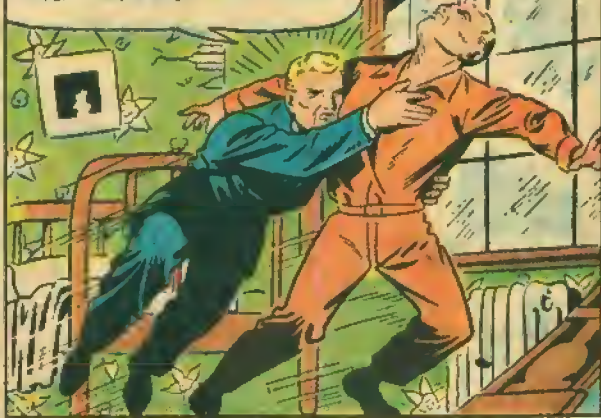
CUT IT OUT BUGSIE! I'M WARNIN' YA.



WHITEY STRUGGLED LOOSE AND BUGSIE HURTLED AFTER HIM....

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BREAK AWAY, WHITEY, UNTIL I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU.

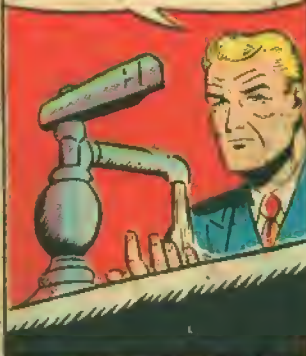
UGHH!



SUDDENLY...

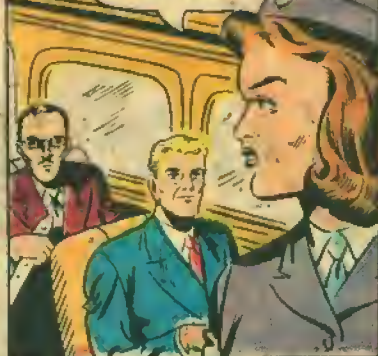


GOTTA KEEP MY HANDS CLEAN. CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF WINDING UP IN THE PEN AGAIN.... BUT I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF WHITEY, PERSONALLY!



NEXT DAY, BUGSIE BOOKED PASSAGE FOR L.A. AND....

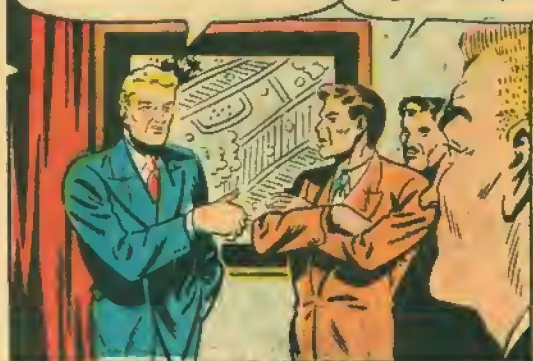
WE'RE OVER THE LOS ANGELES AIRPORT NOW. PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS.



AT THE MONDAY NIGHT MEETING...

HERE'S THE SETUP. EVERY ONE OF THOSE PINS ON THE MAP REPRESENTS A COLLECTION POINT FOR BETS ON THE HORSES AND ON THE NUMBERS. AND **MIKE HENNESSEY** CONTROLS THE RACKET.

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



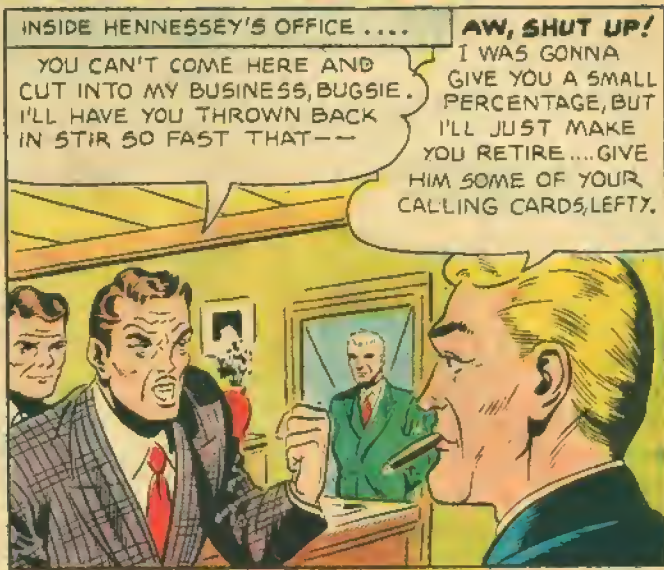
A HALF HOUR LATER AT HENNESSEY'S CLOVER CLUB....

YOU GUYS ARE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE NOW, **BEAT IT!** NOBODY GETS TO SEE MIKE HENNESSEY UNTIL HE WANTS TO SEE **THEM!**

HA HA! THIS BROKEN DOWN MUG DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM MY CALLING CARD.



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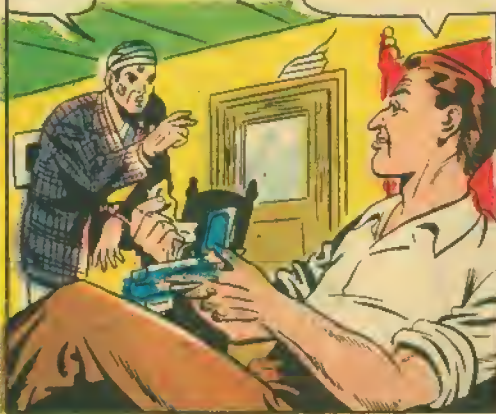


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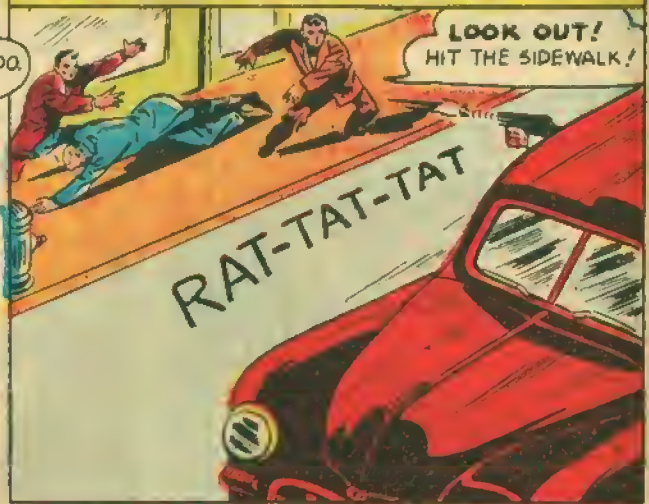
MEANWHILE

I'LL PAY **DOUBLE** YOUR PRICE, BUT I WANT BUGSIE **KNOCKED OFF**.

SURE, MIKE. I'LL TAKE THE JOB, BUT I'LL HAVE TO PAY OFF MY MEN, TOO.



TWO DAYS LATER, AS BUGSIE AND HIS HENCHMEN LEAVE THE GREEN PARROT RESTAURANT...



THAT AFTERNOON...

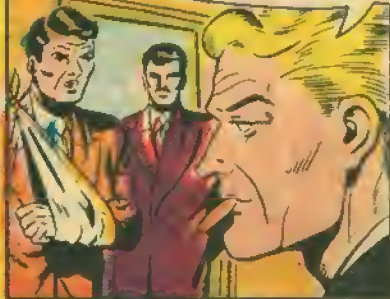
HE ONLY NICKED ME IN THE SHOULDER. BUT THAT WAS TOO CLOSE AND I GOTTA PAY THE RAT BACK.

WELL, I KNOW WHO THE RAT IS -- **MIKE HENNESSEY!** I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM. I JUST DON'T WANT HIM AROUND ANYMORE.

ONE WEEK AFTER LEFTY'S SHOULDER WOUND HEALED...

OKAY HENNESSEY. YOU WON'T HAVE TO USE YOUR OWN CAR TONIGHT. WE'RE PROVIDING TRANSPORTATION FREE.

ARGHH!



THEN, JUST BEFORE DAWN, OVER THE LOS ANGELES RIVER...

CRASH

SO LONG, SUCKER!



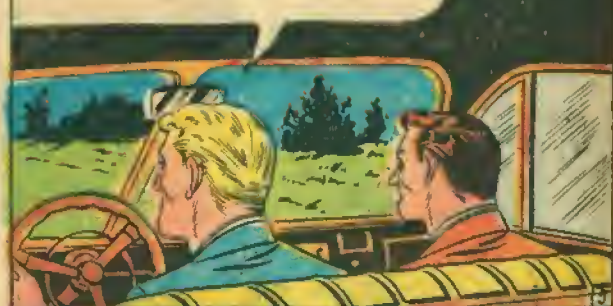
MEANWHILE

I RUN MY RACKET **CLEAN**. IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO MIKE HENNESSEY, THAT'S **HIS** LOOKOUT. BUT NOW, I GOTTA FIND A BETTER WAY TO PROTECT MYSELF.

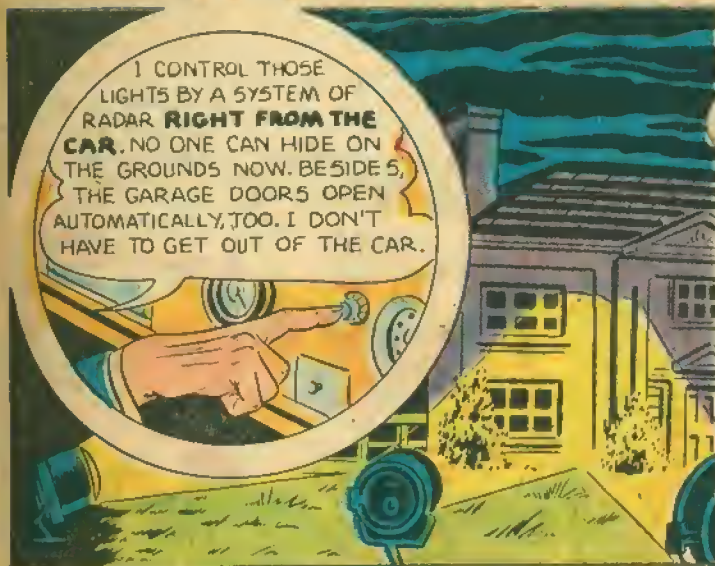


TWO MONTHS AFTERWARDS, BUGSIE DRIVES TOWARD HIS NEW HOUSE OVERLOOKING MALIBOU BEACH....

I GOT MY NEW PLACE FIXED UP WITH THE LATEST GADGETS. IT'S **FOOLPROOF**. NO ONE CAN GET IN OR STAY IN WITHOUT MY KNOWING IT BEFOREHAND. JUST WATCH----



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



I CONTROL THOSE LIGHTS BY A SYSTEM OF RADAR **RIGHT FROM THE CAR**. NO ONE CAN HIDE ON THE GROUNDS NOW. BESIDES, THE GARAGE DOORS OPEN AUTOMATICALLY, TOO. I DON'T HAVE TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.

INSIDE THE HOUSE....

THAT'S PRETTY SLICK. SO THE WINDOWS ARE COVERED BY THOSE STEEL PLATES. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IF ANYONE IS IN THE HOUSE, THAT RADAR LIGHT SYSTEM SETS OFF AN ALARM IN THE CAR.



SECURE IN HIS OWN HOUSE, BUGSIE HAD ANOTHER PROBLEM WHEN JOHNNY MARCIANO MOVED TO TOWN....

OKAY, JUST STEP INTO MY CAR AND YOU WON'T GET HURT.

HEY! I'M JUST **WORKING** FOR BUGSIE, I AIN'T **RUNNIN'** THE RACKET.



LATER, ON A LONELY ROAD....

YEAOWW!

I'M JUST TRYING TO CONVINCE YOU THAT IT'S **DANGEROUS BUSINESS** STRINGING ALONG WITH BUGSIE. AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE BUGSIE THAT MESSAGE. OKAY, LET HIM WALK BACK TO TOWN NOW.



JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT, A TERRIFIED COLLECTOR STUMBLES INTO BUGSIE'S NEW MANSION...

JOHNNY MARCIANO DID IT. HE USED TO BE WITH THE CAPONE GANG. HE SAYS **HE'S** TAKING OVER.

TAKE A DRINK AND GET YOURSELF SOME SLEEP, HERE. WE'LL SEE ABOUT MARCIANO IN THE MORNING.



MARCIANO'S INVASION OF L.A. LAUNCHED A WAVE OF GANG WARFARE...

WHEEYY

RAT-A-TAT

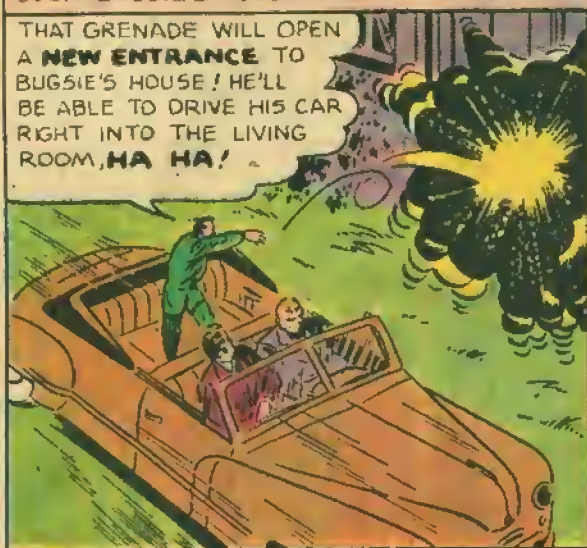


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EVEN BUGSIE'S HOUSE CAME IN FOR ITS SHARE...

INSIDE THE HOUSE

THAT GRENADE WILL OPEN A **NEW ENTRANCE** TO BUGSIE'S HOUSE! HE'LL BE ABLE TO DRIVE HIS CAR RIGHT INTO THE LIVING ROOM, HA HA!



THIS HOUSE SURE IS **SOLID**. THAT GRENADE DIDN'T DO MORE THAN **SCRATCH** THE OUTSIDE. WHAT'D I TELL YA? THAT'S ALL REINFORCED **CONCRETE**. THIS PLACE IS SAFER'N A **KINDERGARTEN!** BUT I GOT TO STOP THIS GANG WAR. IT'S KILLIN' BUSINESS.



LATER....

MARCIANO? THIS IS BUGSIE. LISTEN, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. YEAH! NO GUNS....OKAY. MAKE IT JUST OUTSIDE OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND COME ALONE.



AT THE APPOINTED MEETING PLACE

I'M A BUSINESS MAN, JOHNNY, AND SINCE OUR LITTLE QUARREL, BUSINESS HAS BEEN LOUSY. IF IT KEEPS UP, WE'LL BOTH WIND UP BROKE AND MAYBE DEAD. HOW ABOUT A DEAL?

NAME IT.



LET'S DIVIDE THE TERRITORY. MAKE A CLEAN FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT AND PROTECT EACH OTHER.

IT SOUNDS SMART. THERE'S ROOM FOR BOTH OF US. OKAY, IT'S A DEAL, BUT **DON'T EVER CROSS ME, BUGSIE.**



WITH THE TRUCE IN EFFECT, BUGSIE BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND FOR DIVERSION AND FOUND IT ONE NIGHT AT THE CAROUSEL CLUB....

SAY, THAT GAL HAS CLASS AND STYLE. I'M GONNA GET ME AN INTRODUCTION TO HER, BUT FAST.

STAY AWAY FROM HER, BUGSIE. THAT'S CAROL LOVE, **MARCIANO'S GIRL** FROM CHICAGO.



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

BUT BUGSIE DOES GET HIS INTRODUCTION AND....

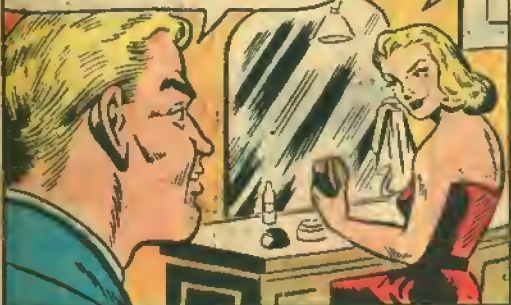
CAROL, YOU'RE GREAT! SAY THE WORD AND I'LL BUY UP YOUR CONTRACT AND PAY YOU **DOUBLE** WHAT YOU'RE GETTING TO SING IN MY CLUB AT LAS VEGAS.

BILLY BOY, YOU'VE JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A NEW SINGER.

CAROL LOVE BECAME THE FEATURED ENTERTAINER AT BUGSIE'S PELICAN CLUB AND....

YOU'RE GREAT, BABY! JUST LISTEN TO THAT CROWD! AND SAY, HOW ABOUT SOME FOOD WITH ME LATER?

SURE, BILLY BOY.



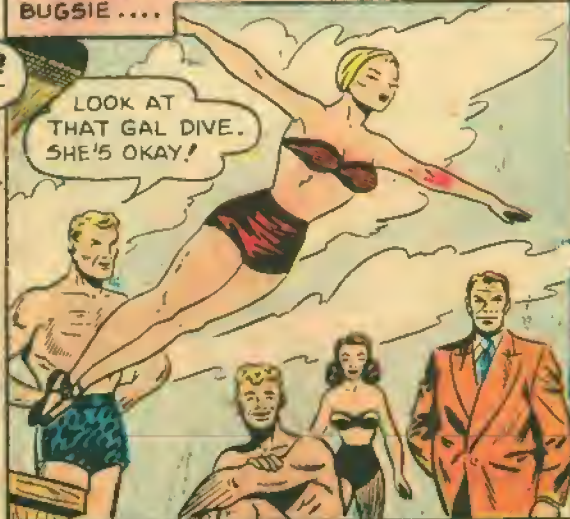
I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU, BABY, THAT'S THE TRUTH! HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME **GOING STEADY**?

WELL--I SORTA LIKE YOU, TOO, BILLY--BUT WHAT ABOUT **JOHNNY**? IT MAY MEAN TROUBLE--BUT IF YOU CAN TAKE IT, SO CAN I.

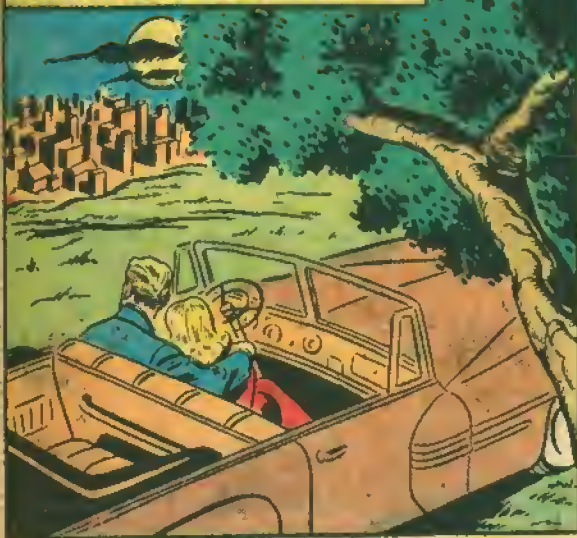


THAT NIGHT STARTED A NEW WHIRL FOR BUGSIE....

LOOK AT THAT GAL DIVE. SHE'S OKAY!



AND ON MOONLIGHT NIGHTS....



THEN ONE NIGHT AT BUGSIE'S CLUB..

AND STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL. IF I CATCH YOU GOING WITH HER, ONCE MORE, SO HELP ME, I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF.



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

LATER, IN CAROL'S DRESSING ROOM...

JOHNNY WAS JUST HERE, BILLY HE SAID HE'D KILL US IF WE DIDN'T BREAK UP. OH BILLY, I'M SCARED! WE'D BETTER CALL IT QUITS.

I DON'T SCARE EASY, BABY. FORGET JOHNNY!! I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME.

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE SHOW....

G'NIGHT, BABY. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

I-I DON'T KNOW--NO, BILLY. MAYBE WHEN JOHNNY COOLS OFF, BUT NOT BEFORE. GOOD NIGHT.

UPSTAIRS, CAROL OPENS HER DOOR AND...

JOHNNY!

YEAH, BABY! SO YOU DIDN'T THINK I KNEW ABOUT BUGSIE DRIVING YOU HOMB, EH? WELL, FROM NOW ON, IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY, YOU'LL DO EXACTLY WHAT I TELL YOU!

TOMORROW NIGHT, BABY, I WANT YOU TO GO DRIVING WITH BUGSIE. YOU CAN SIT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND LOOK DOWN ON HOLLYWOOD. **KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HIS HOUSE UNTIL 4 A.M.**

OH, NO! I WON'T PUT THE FINGER ON HIM! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO IT!

LISTEN, KID. I'VE FRAMED PLENTY OF GUYS AND I CAN FRAME YOU, TOO. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SPEND THIRTY YEARS IN JAIL?

OH, PLEASE, YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT-- OH--BUT YOU WOULD. A-ALL R-RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

NOW THAT'S BETTER. HERE'S THE STORY. TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU KEEP BUGSIE AWAY FROM HIS HOUSE. THAT'S ALL. **DON'T LET HIM GET BACK BEFORE FOUR IN THE MORNING.**

NEXT NIGHT, AFTER 4 A.M....

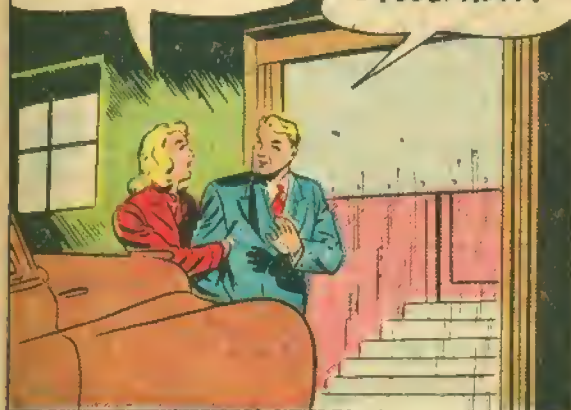
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT SET-UP, BABY. I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE FOOLISH, TO WORRY. BESIDES, IF ANYONE IS IN THE HOUSE, AN ALARM GOES OFF IN THE CAR.

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INSIDE THE GARAGE....

PLEASE DON'T GO IN, TONIGHT. I'M AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!

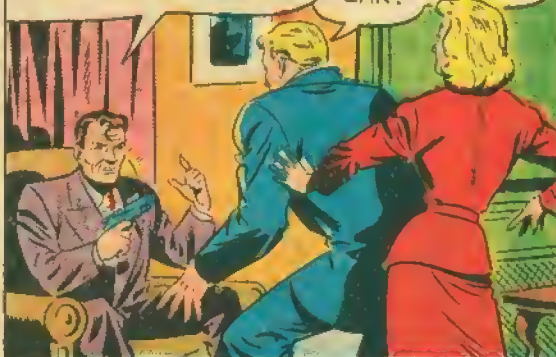
AW, BABY. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN. I TELL YOU THIS SYSTEM IS **FOOLPROOF**.



BUGSIE LEADS THE WAY INTO HIS LIVING ROOM, SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT AND THERE..

DON'T REACH FOR YOUR ROD, PUNK! I GOT YOU COVERED...YER KINDA **SURPRISED**, HUH?

BUT--BUT IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THE ALARM WOULD HAVE GONE OFF IN THE CAR!



YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, BUGSIE! WHILE YOU WERE JOY RIDING MY GIRL AROUND, I HAD A SMART ELECTRICIAN FIX UP YOUR RADAR SO THAT NO ALARM WOULD RING WHILE I WAS HERE. NOW, **HERE'S YOURS!**

AGGHH!



THEN....

OKAY, IF YOU LOVE THAT GUY SO MUCH, I'LL **SEND YOU ALONG WITH HIM!**



WITH HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, BUGSIE REACHED FOR HIS GUN AND...

OKAY, JOHNNY! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY FOR OUR --COUGH-- **PARTNERSHIP**-- COUGH-- TO END.



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! TRIPLE GANGLAND KILLING! WHAT DO YA READ?



AND ON THAT NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 26TH, THE CAREER OF BUGSIE SIEGAL WAS SNUFFED OUT. IT IS A LESSON TO ALL WHO FOLLOW CRIME. THOSE WHO LIVE BY VIOLENCE, DIE BY VIOLENCE! AND THOSE THAT ESCAPE THEIR FELLOW KILLERS, END BEHIND BARS OR STRAPPED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

THE END

GENE SIMPSON

THE MAD HOUDINI...

SOME PEOPLE TAKE UP MAGIC AS A HOBBY, OTHERS BECOME MAGICIANS FOR PROFIT --- BUT GENE SIMPSON DISTORTED HIS UNCANNY TALENTS TO SERVE THE ENDS OF CRIME! STRIKING FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THUGS AND HONEST CITIZENS ALIKE, SIMPSON RODE ROUGHSHOD OVER BOTH SO LONG AS HIS HAND WAS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! BUT JUSTICE EVENTUALLY TOOK THE LAST TRICK FROM "THE MAD HOUDINI!"



GENE SIMPSON STARTED YOUNG! ONE EVENING IN 1936, IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN...

GENE, I KNOW HOW INTERESTED YOU ARE IN THAT MAGIC SET, BUT YOUR HOMEWORK MUST COME FIRST!

AW, MOM, LET ME ALONE! I JUST FIGURED OUT A NEW ONE THAT'LL STAND 'EM ON THEIR EARS!



YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT, GENE!

READIN' BOOKS AIN'T GONNA MAKE ME RICH! BESIDES, THERE'S FASTER WAYS OF MAKIN' DOUGH! I'M GOIN' OUT!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

MAGIC WAS GENE SIMPSON'S HOBBY--BUT HE RODE IT FOR PROFIT ALONG CRIMINAL PATHS! KNOWN AS **"THE MAD HOUDINI"**

SIMPSON FINALLY CAME TO THE END OF HIS ROAD WHEN HIS HAND PROVED LESS QUICK THAN THE LAW'S EAGLE EYE!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



TAKE OFF, YOU! I WANT A WORD WITH THIS OTHER GUY!

LEMME ALONE, ACE! I AIN'T DONE NOTHING TO YOU!



MAYBE YOU **CAN** DO SOMETHING FOR ME, KID! I'M ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOUNG TALENT! LET'S GO IN THE BACK ROOM AND HAVE A TALK!



SO YOUR NAME'S GENE SIMPSON, HUH? I LIKED THE WAY YOU PICKED THAT KNIFE OUT OF THE AIR JUST NOW! WHAT ARE YOU, A MAGICIAN?

I FOOL AROUND AT BEING ONE! I LIKE TO PRACTICE SLEIGHT OF HAND!



WHAT DO YOU FIGURE TO DO... GO ON THE STAGE?

NAH! THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS YOU CAN DO IF YOU GOT A QUICK PAIR OF HANDS! FOR INSTANCE..



HERE'S YOUR WALLET! I TOOK IT OUT OF YOUR POCKET AS WE WERE WALKING BACK HERE!

WHAT? HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?



I DON'T WANT TO HANG OUT WITH THOSE PUNKS, ACE! YOU'RE BIG TIME, AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT! I FIGURED I'D IMPRESS YOU!

YOU TAKE SOME LONG CHANCES, KID BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! SURE, I CAN USE YOU!

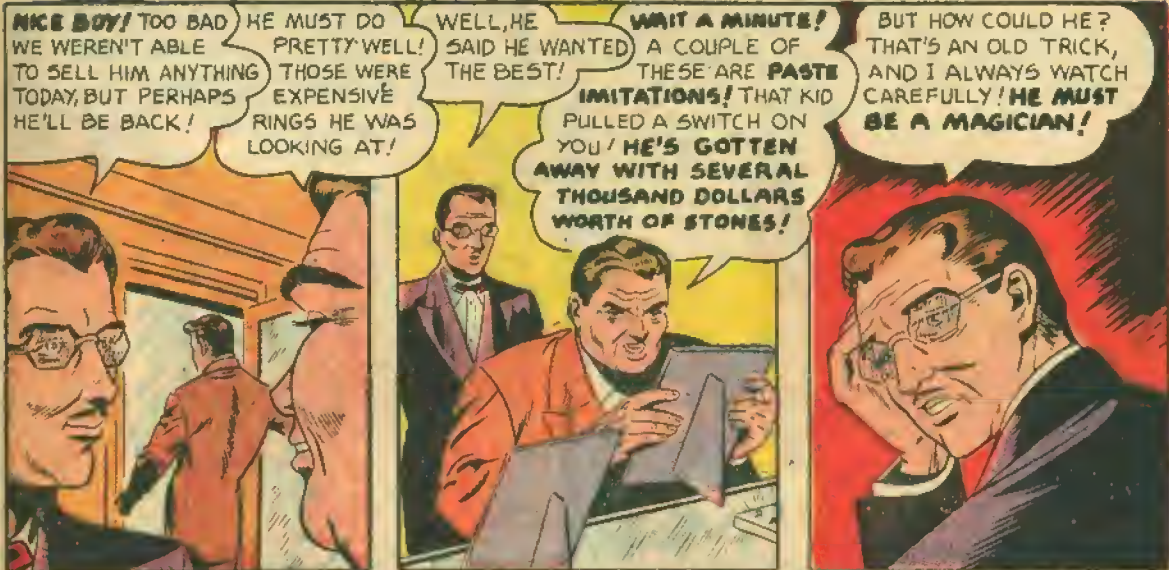


AND ACE KILGALLEN WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! UNDER HIS EXPERT GUIDANCE, GENE TOOK HIS FIRST STEPS ON THE ROAD OF CRIME....

YES SIR! WE CAN SHOW YOU THE FINEST DIAMONDS IN TOWN!

I WANT A REAL GOOD ONE! IT'S FOR A VERY SPECIAL GIRL!

COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



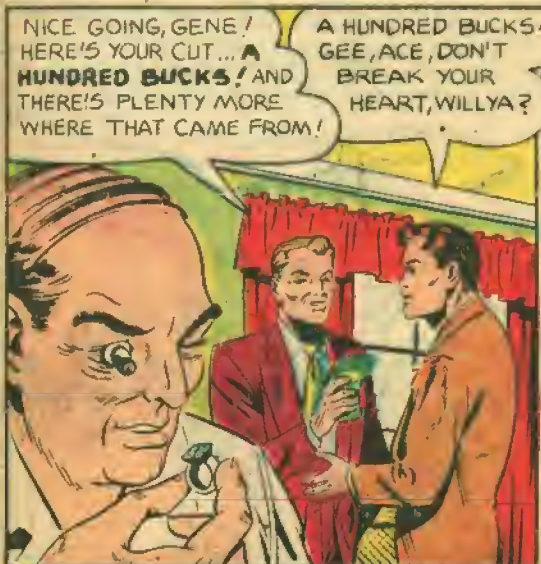
NICE BOY! TOO BAD WE WEREN'T ABLE TO SELL HIM ANYTHING TODAY, BUT PERHAPS HE'LL BE BACK!

HE MUST DO PRETTY WELL! THOSE WERE EXPENSIVE RINGS HE WAS LOOKING AT!

WELL, HE SAID HE WANTED THE BEST!

WAIT A MINUTE! A COUPLE OF THESE ARE PASTE IMITATIONS! THAT KID PULLED A SWITCH ON YOU! HE'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF STONES!

BUT HOW COULD HE? THAT'S AN OLD TRICK, AND I ALWAYS WATCH CAREFULLY! HE MUST BE A MAGICIAN!



NICE GOING, GENE! HERE'S YOUR CUT... A HUNDRED BUCKS! AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

A HUNDRED BUCKS! GEE, ACE, DON'T BREAK YOUR HEART, WILL YA?

TAKE IT EASY, KID! THAT'S ONLY A STARTER! YOU WANTED TO MAKE THE BIG TIME! WELL, NEXT WEEK I'M STARTING YOU ON MORE IMPORTANT JOBS!

ABOUT TIME! I'M TIRED OF THIS TWO-BIT SHOPLIFTIN'! I AIN'T NO PUNK KID!



ACE "PROMOTED" GENE SIMPSON TO BIGGER AND MORE HARDENED CRIMINAL FEATS! THE KILGALLEN GANG, WITH A PRACTICED MAGICIAN AS ACE'S RIGHT HAND MAN, TERRORIZED THE CITY AND BAFFLED THE POLICE!

GENE HAD GOTTEN WHAT HE WANTED... MONEY AND NOTORIETY! BUT ONCE ACHIEVED, THESE WERE NO LONGER ENOUGH....



WHY SHOULD I KEEP ON TAKING ORDERS FROM KILGALLEN WHEN HE AIN'T GOT HALF MY BRAINS? IF I COULD JUST GET MY HANDS ON A BIG PILE OF DOUGH, I COULD GO ON MY OWN!

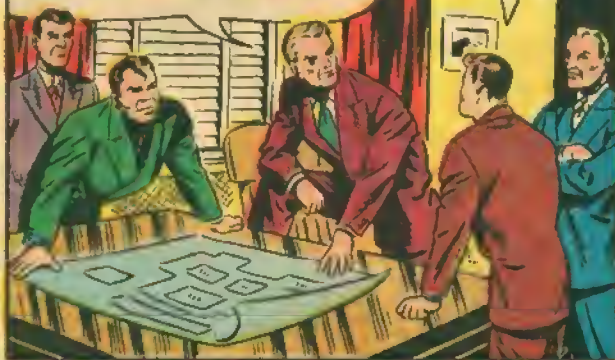


COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

GENE'S CHANCE CAME SHORTLY AFTER / ACE KILGALLEN WAS LINING UP HIS BIGGEST JOB TO DATE!

BANK JOBS ARE ALWAYS THE TOUGHEST, AND THIS ONE'LL BE A REAL TIGHT FIT! BUT IT LOOKS PLENTY WORTH IT!

GIVE US THE DOPE ON IT, ACE!



IT'S THE FIRST NATIONAL, NEXT FRIDAY! THAT'S WHEN THE PAYROLLS ARE DEPOSITED, SO THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CASH ON HAND! NOW, MARTY, YOU DRIVE THE HEAP...



CAREFULLY KILGALLEN OUTLINED THE DETAILS OF HIS PLAN...

AND GENE WILL GRAB THE DOUGH FROM WINDOW ONE, STUFF IT IN HIS SACHEL, AND RUN TO THE CAR. / LEFTY WILL COVER...

ACE, I CAN GET MORE CASH IF I SLIP THROUGH THAT SWINGING DOOR, GO BEHIND THE COUNTER, AND HIT THREE OR FOUR TELLER'S BOOTHS!



GOOD IDEA, GENE! I LIKE A GUY WHO THINKS! NOW SPLIT UP LIKE WE ALWAYS DO! WE'LL MEET HERE THURSDAY NIGHT!



ON THE EVE OF THE HOLDUP, THE GANG MEMBERS WERE TENSE...

ACE SURE CUT US A SLICE OF CAKE THIS TIME, LEFTY! TOUGH JOB, BUT THERE OUGHT TO BE A PILE IN IT FOR US!

MAYBE... IF THINGS GO OKAY! ...BUT I DON'T TRUST THAT SIMPSON CHARACTER! HE MAY BE A MAGICIAN, BUT HE'S GETTING A LITTLE TOO TRICKY!

AND AT HIS OWN HIDEOUT, GENE SIMPSON ALSO PLANNED FOR A DOUBLE-CROSS!

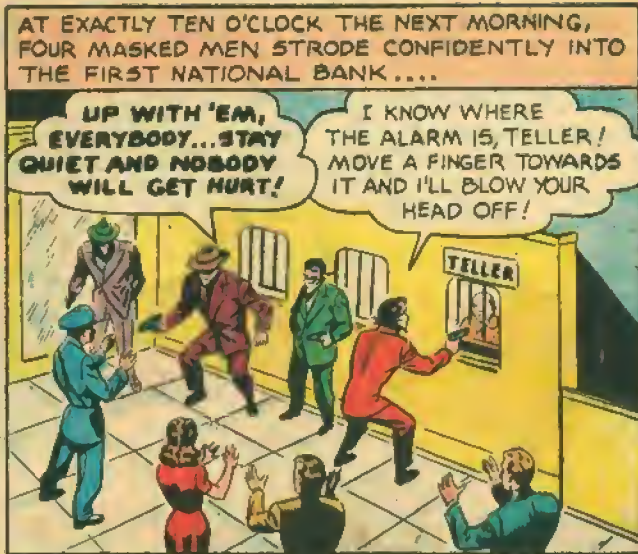
THEY AIN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET! THIS HARNESS WILL BRING ME MOST OF THAT DOUGH TOMORROW... IF IT WORKS!



NOW TO TRY IT OUT! I REACH FOR THE DOUGH... PRETEND I'M DROPPING IT IN THE SACHEL ...A LITTLE SLEIGHT OF HAND...



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



ARE YOU - CALLING ME A DOUBLE-CROSSER, LEFTY?



DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! I'M WARNING YOU!



TOO BAD, LEFTY! YOU KNOW IT'S NOT RIGHT TO ASK A MAGICIAN TO GIVE AWAY HIS SECRETS!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

GENE WAS A LONE WOLF NOW, SOUGHT BY THE POLICE AND HATED BY THE UNDER-WORLD! ALTHOUGH HE STILL HAD THE LOOT FROM THE HOLDUP, GENE WAS FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO PASS HIS HOT MONEY OUTSIDE THE MACHINERY OF THE GANG...

I'LL TAKE THREE DECKS OF THOSE CARDS. WH... CAN YOU CHANGE A TEN SPOT?



SURE! I GOT IT BACK HERE! WILL YOU WAIT A SECOND?

OKAY! BUT HURRY IT UP, WILL YA!



HELLO, POLICE? I THINK I GOT A BILL FROM THAT BANK HOLDUP! I CHECKED THE SERIAL NUMBER... YEAH... THE GUY IS HERE NOW...



THIS MIGHT BE THE GUY! HEY, YOU! WAIT A MINUTE!

WHO, ME? WHADDYA WANT? I AIN'T DONE NOthin'!



BUT THE POLICEMEN CHECK WITH THE CLERK, AND GENE IS SWIFTLY SEARCHED AND PUT UNDER ARREST...

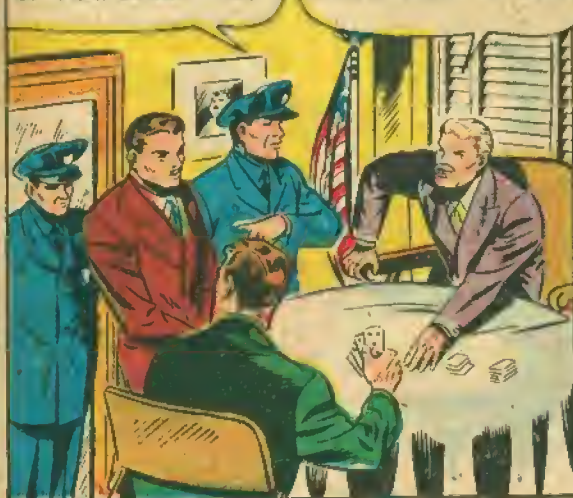
I FOUND THIS GUN ON HIM, LARRY! GUESS WE'LL TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE PRECINCT FOR A FEW QUESTIONS!

I'M GOIN', I'M GOIN'! DON'T SHOVE!



HERE'S THE GUY! PICKED UP ON SUSPICION OF THAT BANK JOB!

HEY! MAYBE WE GOT A BREAK ON THAT THING AT LAST!

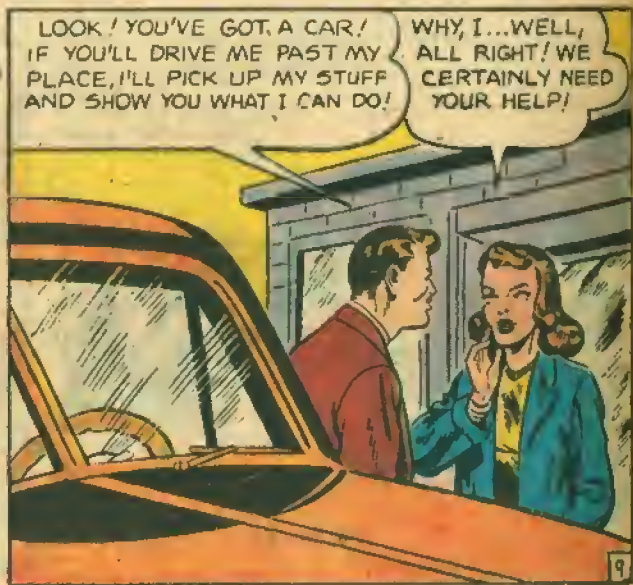
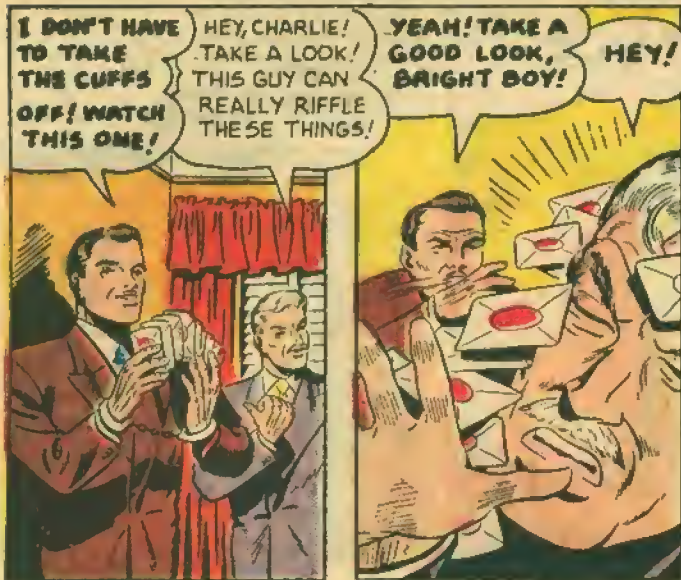


I'LL SHOW YOU A NEAT CARD TRICK IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SMOKE!

SORRY, PAL! YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF THOSE CUFFS TO SHOW US ANY CARD TRICKS!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



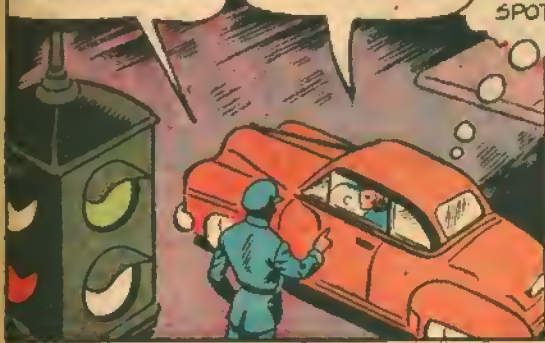
COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

THEY GOT INTO THE CAR, BUT AS THEY STOPPED FOR THE ONLY TRAFFIC LIGHT IN TOWN, AN OFFICER APPROACHED....

MIND WAITING A SECOND, MISS EDITH? I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THE YOUNG MAN WITH YOU!

OH, SERGEANT, MR. JOHNSON HAS VOLUNTEERED TO HELP ME WITH THE SHOW...

I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS! THIS FLY-COP MIGHT HAVE ME SPOTTED!



PRODUCING A SMALL GUN FROM HIS SLEEVE, THE "MAD HOUDINI" SHOOTS!

NOW PILE OUT OF THIS CAR, SMYTER, OR YOU GET THE SAME!

AAGHH

EEEEHHH

BANG



AND ONCE AGAIN THE KILLER—MAGICIAN SLEW AND FLED! CITY DETECTIVES WERE SENT TO SMALL TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE AREA IN A GIGANTIC DRAGNET! TWO OF THEM TOOK UP THE HUNT IN CEDERVILLE ---POP. 800...

WAIT A MINUTE, SON! ARE YOU BUYING THOSE CARDS FOR SOMEONE?

W-WHY, YEAH... FOR A GUY LIVES ON THE NEXT BLOCK... GOT A ROOM THERE! HE GAVE ME A QUARTER...

PLAYING A HUNCH, THE DETECTIVES ACCOMPANIED THE YOUTH TO THE BOARDING HOUSE...

YEAH? WHO IS IT?

ME, MISTER! WITH YOUR CARDS!

WHEN HE OPENS IT, STEP BACK OUT OF THE WAY! THERE MAY BE SHOOTING!

FOUR PACKS OF CARDS, PLEASE! ALL WITH THE SAME BACK!

WHY SEND US TO A PLACE LIKE THIS? SIMPSON WOULDN'T COME HERE!

WAIT! SEE THAT KID AT THE COUNTER? LET'S TALK TO HIM!



COPPERS! WHY, YOU...OWWW!

DROP IT, SIMPSON! THE NEXT ONE LANDS IN YOUR HEART!



THIS IS THE GUY, ALL RIGHT! --THIS SUITCASE IS FILLED WITH THE BANK MONEY!

WHEN I SAW THE KID BUY FOUR DECKS OF CARDS, ALL ALIKE, I FIGURED NOBODY'D WANT THEM BUT A MAGICIAN! YOU WERE TRICKY, ALL RIGHT, GENE, BUT YOUR LAST TRICK BACKFIRED! NOW TRY AND TRICK YOURSELF OUT OF THE CHAIR!



THE END

The Hurricane

MURDER was in the air. The police knew it, but were powerless to act.

The grapevine screamed Murder! The stoolies whispered it, yet the police did nothing. There was nothing they could do, for, until a crime is committed, they have no official reason to act.

They knew that a crime was going to be committed. Murder! Red Monahan was the numbers boss. Al Spinelli was cutting in. One man was due to go.

It was more than just a question of sharing the profits. If Red Monahan allowed Spinelli to get away with it, he would show weakness. Every jackal in the underworld would try to chisel into his racket.

From Monahan's viewpoint, it was better to kill one man, than to take on the field.

Al Spinelli knew this. He knew, but he took a chance, just like Monahan himself had taken a chance, and defied Dutch Diamond. Monahan had won out. Why, figured Spinelli, couldn't he?

Spinelli figured wrong. As witnesses describe it, Al Spinelli was coming out of Bud Perron's pool room, when it happened. Spinelli turned to wave a cheerful, "So long, sucker," when the long, black car pulled around the corner. Spinelli never saw the short, stubby barrel, which was poked out of the window of the car. Certainly, he never felt what hit him, as the machine gun rapped out a message of death. He died on his feet, a cluster of slugs tearing the heart out of him before he fell. Indeed, the long, black car was turning the corner, before Spinelli stiffened on the sidewalk, his blood spilling over the curb, into the gutter.

Privately, the police may have felt: Good riddance.

Officially, however, it was murder. And even if the police had entertained any stray thoughts of laxity, in apprehending Spinelli's murderer, they quickly got on the job, when the news papers began running editorials headed:

POLICE POWERLESS AS GANG WAR FLARES!

The police knew that Red Monahan was behind the kill. Their real job was to get a witness, who would testify to the fact in court.

Wise in the ways of city gangsters, Detective Malcolm was assigned to get a witness. Malcolm's procedure was simple. He ordered a

roundup of every shady character, that had been within a mile of Bud Perron's pool parlor, the day of the kill. Big criminals with records, and small fry, who operated on the fringe of the underworld—all were herded together. Then, Malcolm began a process of selection.

"Let the tough ones go," he instructed his police helpers. "Save the ones who will crack under pressure."

Malcolm stood aside, watching the routine applied to the prisoners. For three days, he watched a seemingly endless procession of criminals snarl, cringe or relapse into sullen silence. The fourth day, he whispered to a sweating sergeant,

"Stick Sniffy Kuger in solitary."

Sniffy, a small, weasel-faced runner, almost folded up, when he was singled out for special attention.

"I didn't do nothing," he wailed, as he was led to a solitary cell.

"Of course not, Sniffy," Malcolm consoled him. "We haven't got a thing on you."

"Whyn't you let me go then?" Sniffy begged. "Don't you like us?" Malcolm goaded. "We'll treat you fine here. Free eats and everything. What'll you lose if you stick around a few weeks?"

"A few weeks?" Sniffy was aghast. Malcolm watched the uncontrollable trembling of his hands, the twitch of Sniffy's facial muscles.

"I gotta get out," Sniffy was on the verge of panic. "I gotta—"

"Sure, Sniffy," Malcolm promised. "But first, tell us who shot Al Spinelli. You were right in front of the pool parlor, when it happened."

"I dunno, I—" Sniffy buried his face in his trembling hands.

Malcolm watched him crack. Sniffy was a confirmed drug addict. The thought of being confined, unable to procure the stimulating powder, would be unbearable to the little addict.

It was only a question of time, before the words tumbled from Sniffy's trembling lips. But he said them, and the alarm went out for Red Monahan.

Red Monahan paced back and forth, back and forth in the narrow room. Sometimes he stopped to swig a quick drink, or to rasp an imprecation upon the second occupant, Trigger Cole.

"I can't take it—being cooped up like this," Monahan cried. "I'll go nuts."

"It'll blow over," Cole consoled. "This ain't the first time."

"This time they got a witness," Monahan swore. "Sniffy Kuger."

"Who's gonna take the word of that snow-bird?" Trigger demanded.

"The cops will... They're looking to get me. They'd believe him, even if he was lying."

"How about your mouthpiece?"

"He wants me to lay low. Says we haven't got a chance in court."

"What's the matter with an alibi?" Trigger smiled happily. "The boys could say you was in a card game, the time of the murder."

"Naw." Red Monahan smacked a fist into his palm with impatience. "That dick, Malcolm, has checked on the boys, and they told him different stories."

"Only one thing left—" Trigger began.

"What's that?" Monahan whirled on him.

"Get the car, and sneak up to Canada—or Mexico."

"I thought you had an idea," Monahan turned from him in disgust. "I've seen guys trying to run through a police blockade."

Trigger began to sulk.

"Well, whose fault is it, if you get yourself a mouthpiece who can't get himself arrested?"

Monahan started to walk away, then whirled in his tracks.

"That's it," he cried. "That's it."

"That's what?" Trigger looked around.

"You just gave me the idea," Monahan clapped Trigger on the back.

"I did?" a grin split Trigger's face. "What did I say, Red?"

"About the mouthpiece not being able to get himself arrested," Monahan laughed at the expression on Trigger's face. "No, I'm not nuts. I got an idea, how we can get to Sniffy. Get him out of the way."

"Yeah? Spill it, Red. How y'gonna get him?"

"Suppose," Monahan tried his idea slowly, "suppose, a guy did get himself arrested, and stuck in a cell near Sniffy?"

"Swell, Red," Trigger applauded. "Then he rubs Sniffy out."

"Right."

"That's a good idea," Trigger approved. "Only—the cops search you before they put you in jail. How're you gonna carry a gun in?"

"Who said anything about a gun," Red demanded. "The guy who did the killing would be picked up, wouldn't he?"

"Then how—"

"Say a guy is arrested. He gets searched. Fine. They don't find a thing on him."

"But—say the guy has a pal, who slips him a package of sniff powder through the window? The powder is mixed with poison. This guy passes it to Sniffy, who takes one whiff and—"

Monahan pauses dramatically.

"And nobody knows who done it," Trigger giggled in appreciation.

"As simple as that. Sniffy passes out. The cops ain't got no witness, and I get back in circulation."

Trigger was still laughing, when a thought struck him.

"Say, Red," he demanded, "who're you gonna get to go to jail?"

"I was thinking," Red told him, "that you're the only one I could trust."

"Me, Red?" Trigger sat up in alarm. "Me go to jail?"

"Sure, Trigger. It will only be for a few days."

"Not me. I don't trust them jails. I wouldn't—"

"Trigger," Red Monahan reminded his henchman, "the cops might like to know, who did the Wenger kill. I've still got the murder gun. With

your fingerprints on it. There's a slug in headquarters, which matches that gun."

"I didn't mean—what I mean is, Red—"

"Yeah. I know. Listen now:

"First, my mouthpiece gets one of the boys to make a charge. It's dropped later. See?"

"I get it, Red."

"You get into jail. When you get a cell, you tie your handkerchief onto the bars. That tells me what room you're in. The next night, I toss you a little package of powder. It's the drug mixed with poison. You slip it to Sniffy, who is probably going nuts by now. Five minutes later—no witness."

"How will I know you're outside?"

"I'll wait for the lights to go out. When the jail goes dark, I'll toss you the powder."

"Sounds good," Trigger admitted.

"Sure it does. Now, give the mouthpiece a ring."

* * *

All day long, the radio blared forth warning of the coming hurricane. But if Red Monahan thought of it at all, it was only in connection with his forthcoming trip. A heavy rain would keep the cops off the street, and lessen the chances of detection.

It was better than he expected. The hurricane struck the city in full fury. Great gusts of wind-swept rain, drove right through his clothes. Red Monahan was soaking wet, but he didn't care. There was not a soul in the streets, as he slipped into the block, leading to the city jail.

Trigger's handkerchief, was a limp, soggy rag, tied to the bars of a second floor window. Lucky, the wind was going the other way. Trigger's window was halfway open.

A tree fell, as Monahan huddled in a doorway. The hurricane was hitting full force. The lights still shone in the jail. When they went out, Monahan would throw up the little packet of powder, weighed with a piece of metal.

Monahan glanced at his wrist watch. A half hour more. But as he looked up again, the lights in the jail went out. Probably something to do with the storm, he figured. But there was no time to think. Trigger would be expecting the packet. Monahan moved forward.

The gutter had turned into a miniature lake, with the heavy flow of water. Monahan would have to get his feet wet. But he moved into the flooded gutter, unmindful of the discomfort. Time enough to dry out.

* * *

Inside the jail, Trigger smiled with satisfaction. It was a streak of pure luck. He had the cell next to Sniffy. All he had to do, was get the packet of powders, and pass it through the bars. He waited for the lights to go out.

The lights went out earlier than he expected. Trigger slipped over to the window. He waited. The storm was reaching gale proportions now. Maybe, Red wouldn't come tonight.

A guard was coming down the aisle, flashing a light. The guard stopped in front of Sniffy's cell. He opened Sniffy's door.

"Come on, Sniffy," the guard told him. "You're free."

"Free?" Sniffy didn't get it. "You mean, you don't want me to be no witness against Red Monahan?"

"Can't try a dead man," the guard told him. "Funny thing. Red Monahan was outside the jail, when the power line broke, which put out the lights. The wire dropped into a puddle of water, and Red stepped in it. He was electrocuted instantly."

MAT LEEDS, PHIL WATSON and DUKE KEEN *in* THE GREAT FLORIDA MANHUNT!



A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

WHEN EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE STATE IS DETERMINED TO TRACK DOWN THE SLAYERS OF A FELLOW OFFICER, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT THE KILLERS WON'T STAY AT LARGE FOR LONG! THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE MEN... MAT LEEDS, PHIL WATSON AND DUKE KEEN... FUGITIVES FROM A JAIL-BREAK WHO ADDED MURDER TO THEIR RECORD... THE MURDER OF BEST-LIKED COP ON THE FORCE! READ HOW THE DEAD MAN'S BUDDIES TRACKED DOWN THE KILLERS IN **"THE GREAT FLORIDA MANHUNT!"**

IN THE GYM OF THE THIRD POLICE PRECINCT IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, OFFICER JOSEPH COSTA PAUSED TO READ THE BULLETIN BOARD..

HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A LIFT HOME TONIGHT, COSTA?

SURE / BE READY IN A MINUTE / I JUST WANT TO READ THIS!

NOTICE

WANTED

WHAT'S SO INTERESTING?

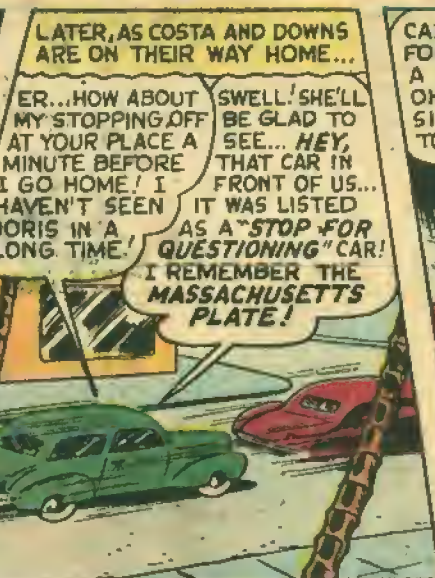
JUST A LIST OF CARS WE OUGHT TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



BYOND EARSHOT OF COSTA, OFFICER DOWNS ENGAGED IN A BRIEF CONVERSATION WITH ANOTHER POLICEMAN...



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

AS THE ALERT OFFICER COSTA HAD SUSPECTED, IT WAS THE PRISON GETAWAY CAR! INSIDE WERE A TRIO OF THUGS... MAT LEEDS AT THE WHEEL, PHIL WATSON BESIDE HIM AND THEIR LEADER, DUKE KEEN, IN THE BACK.



TO A DARING PRISON BREAK, THE THREE MEN HAD ADDED MURDER... MURDER OF THE BEST LIKED COP ON THE FORCE! OFFICER DOWNS WAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED!

IT'S COSTA! AND DOWNS! DID YOU SEE THE CAR?

IT HAD A MASSACHUSETTS LICENSE! THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER! IT GOT AWAY TOO FAST FOR ME TO GET A GOOD LOOK!



THE NEWS OF COSTA'S DEATH ON THE EVE OF HIS PARTY SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE ENTIRE JACKSONVILLE FORCE!

MEN... I, FOR ONE, AM GOING TO TAKE A SOLEMN OATH! ANY ONE OF YOU WHO WANTS TO JOIN ME MAY DO SO! I SWEAR THAT I WILL DO MY UTMOST TO CAPTURE THE MEN WHO KILLED JOE COSTA!



WITHOUT EXCEPTION, EVERY OFFICER ROSE AND REPEATED THE OATH!

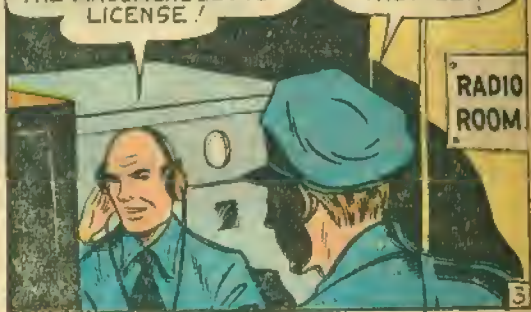
I SWEAR THAT I WILL DO MY UTMOST TO CAPTURE THE MEN WHO KILLED JOE COSTA!



ONCE ACTIVATED, THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW MOVED SWIFTLY! ALARMS WERE RADIOED TO POLICE THROUGHOUT THE STATE TO GUARD THE FLORIDA BORDERS...

THAT'S DONE! THE KILLERS CAN'T POSSIBLY GET ACROSS THE STATE LINE! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TO FIND THAT CAR WITH THE MASSACHUSETTS LICENSE!

IT WON'T BE THAT SIMPLE! THOSE GUYS AREN'T DUMB! THEY'LL DITCH THAT CAR FIRST CHANCE THEY GET!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

AND IN THE GETAWAY CAR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THREE FRIGHTENED MEN WERE DISCUSSING THEIR FUTURE PLANS...

NOW WE GOT MURDER ADDED TO OUR RECORD! AND I DON'T THINK COPS LIKE COP KILLIN'!

AW, STOP WHININ'! WE CAN STILL GET AWAY WITH THIS IF WE ACT SMART! WE GOTTA GET RID OF OUR GUNS! IN CASE WE'RE PICKED UP THEY CAN'T PROVE ANYTHIN' IF WE HAVE DIFFERENT GATS! PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!



BURY 'EM IN THE SOFT DIRT AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'LL KEEP ONE... JUST IN CASE!

BUT, DUKE! WE GOTTA HAVE GUNS! WE MAY NEED 'EM! AND WE GOTTA GET RID OF THIS CAR!



OKAY, THE COPS'LL NEVER FIND THEM NOW!

NOW WE GOTTA GET RID OF THIS CAR, GET ANOTHER ONE AND MORE GUNS!

I GOT THREE BUCKS! HOW MUCH YOU GOT?



WISE GUY, HUH! I DIDN'T MEAN WE'RE GONNA BUY THEM! HEAD FOR ORMAN BEACH... IT'S A RICH NEIGHBORHOOD! TURN RIGHT AT THE NEXT ROAD!

OKAY... OKAY!



DUKE KNEW THE SECTION AND DIRECTED PHIL TO A WEALTHY RESIDENTIAL STREET! IT WAS LATE AND DARK, AND THE AREA WAS DESERTED...

YOU STILL HAVE YOUR GUN! BREAK INTO THAT HOUSE AND GET ALL YOU CAN! WE'LL KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING! AND DON'T USE THAT GUN... JUST SHOW IT IF YOU HAVE TO!

I GOT IT!



PHIL WAS AGILE AND THE TROPICAL CASEMENT WINDOWS OPENED EASILY...

THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

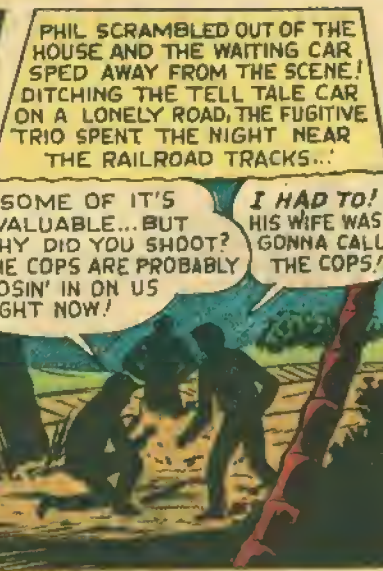


WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LOWER YOUR VOICE! IF YOU COOPERATE YOU WON'T GET HURT! GIVE ME ALL THE MONEY AND JEWELRY YOU HAVE IN THE HOUSE!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

MEANWHILE,
THE
JACKSONVILLE
POLICE WERE
HOT ON THE
TRAIL / FINE
TOOTH
COMBING
THROUGH
EVERY
LEAD, THEY
FINALLY
CONNECTED
THE
KILLERS
WITH
THE
ARMED
ROBBERY
AT
ORMAN
BEACH /

I'M GLAD THE DOCTORS
GIVE YOUR HUSBAND
A CHANCE TO PULL
THROUGH... AND
WE'RE VERY
GRATEFUL FOR
THE DESCRIPTION
OF YOUR STOLEN
JEWELRY!

I'LL DO
ANYTHING...
ANYTHING...
TO HELP CATCH
THE BEASTS WHO
SHOT MY
HUSBAND!



THE NEXT STEP WAS TO SEARCH THE UNDER-
WORLD FOR A FENCE THAT MIGHT HAVE
BOUGHT THE JEWELS / INEVITABLY, THE
TRAIL LED TO FRANK LARSON!

LARSON, WE HAVE
EVERY REASON TO
BELIEVE THAT DUKE
KEEN BROUGHT
THOSE JEWELS HERE!
YOU'D BETTER
COME CLEAN!

I HANDLE A LOT
OF JEWELRY! I
CAN'T TELL IF IT'S
STOLEN OR NOT!
I DON'T KNOW
ANY 'DUKE'!



LISTEN, LARSON!
THE MEN I'M
TALKING ABOUT
HAVEN'T JUST BROKEN
JAIL! THEY'VE KILLED
A BUDDY OF MINE!
DO YOU KNOW THE
PENALTY FOR AIDING
A MURDERER?

OKAY... OKAY!
I DIDN'T KNOW
HE WAS WANTED
FOR ANYTHING!
I'LL TALK...
I'LL TALK!

THROUGH LARSON, THE
POLICE FOLLOWED THE
TRAIL TO THE USED CAR
DEALER WHO HAD OVER-
HEARD THE MEN TALKING
ABOUT THE SOUTH FLORIDA
SWAMP LAND / THE CHASE
WAS GETTING HOTTER...

ATTENTION SOUTHERN FLORIDA
PATROL CARS / BE ON THE ALERT
FOR THREE MEN HEADING SOUTH!
DESCRIPTION FOLLOWS / DUKE
KEEN, AGED THIRTY SIX...!

THE REAL BREAK IN THE CASE
CAME SHORTLY AFTER! A CALL
CAME INTO JACKSONVILLE FROM
THE SHERIFF OF SIMPA... A SMALL
SWAMP TOWN!

YES...WHAT? YOU'VE GOT THEM
AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT THEM?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN,
BUT MY MEN AND I WILL BE IN
SIMPA JUST
AS SOON
AS WE
CAN GET
THERE!



GO TO DOWNS'
HOUSE! IF HE'S WELL
ENOUGH TO GO WITH
US... TAKE HIM! HE'LL
WANT TO BE IN ON
THE KILL!

SO WILL WE
ALL! I CAN
HARDLY WAIT!



ALTHOUGH STILL WEAK, DOWNS EAGERLY WENT
ALONG TO TRY TO CAPTURE THE KILLERS
OF HIS PAL! THROUGH THE HOT HUMID NIGHT,
THE MEN DROVE SOUTH TO SIMPA!

FASTER...PLEASE!
WE CAN'T LET THOSE
THUGS GET AWAY
FROM US!

THEY WON'T! I
CAN'T FIGURE OUT
EXACTLY WHAT THE
SHERIFF MEANT WHEN
HE SAID THEY HAVE
THEM AND THEY HAVEN'T
GOT THEM, THOUGH!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

IT WAS DAWN WHEN OFFICER COSTA'S BUDDIES REACHED SIMPA! SHERIFF PHILLIPS GREETED THEM IN THE SWAMPY OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!

WHAT'S THE STORY, PHILLIPS? WHERE ARE THE MEN?

THEY'RE HIDING UNDER THE ONLY HOUSE AROUND HERE! IT'S BUILT HIGH OFF THE GROUND AND THEY'RE BEHIND THE THICK WOODEN PILINGS THAT HOLD IT UP!

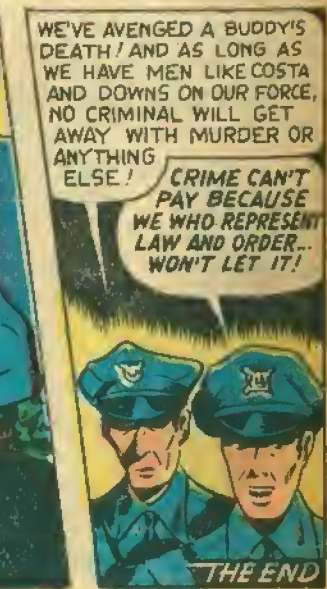
FOR HEAVEN'S SALES, MAN... WHAT WERE YOU WAITING FOR? WHY DIDN'T YOU PULL THEM IN?

THERE'S A YOUNG FAMILY LIVING IN THE HOUSE! THEY'RE AFRAID TO LEAVE BECAUSE THE THUGS'LL SHOOT THEM! WE HAD TO WAIT 'TILL DAWN TO START SHOOTING!

THE POLICE SURROUND THE HOUSE, ARMED TO THE TEETH! BUT IT WAS DOWNS WHO TOOK CHARGE OF THE BATTLE!

WAIT! BEFORE WE START SHOOTING, I THINK WE DUGHT TO GIVE THEM ONE MORE CHANCE TO SURRENDER!

OKAY... GO AHEAD!



AND HERE'S OUR ANSWER! YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU GAVE COSTA!

AGGHH!

AFTER A GRIM AND BLOODY EXCHANGE OF BULLETS, MAT AND PHIL FINALLY SURRENDERED! THEY HAD INJURED ONE POLICEMAN BUT DUKE WAS DEAD!

I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T KILL YOU! THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY FOR MURDERERS LIKE YOU! THE CHAIR'S WHAT YOU'LL GET!

WE'VE AVENGED A BUDDY'S DEATH! AND AS LONG AS WE HAVE MEN LIKE COSTA AND DOWNS ON OUR FORCE, NO CRIMINAL WILL GET AWAY WITH MURDER OR ANYTHING ELSE!

CRIME CAN'T PAY BECAUSE WE WHO REPRESENT LAW AND ORDER... WON'T LET IT!

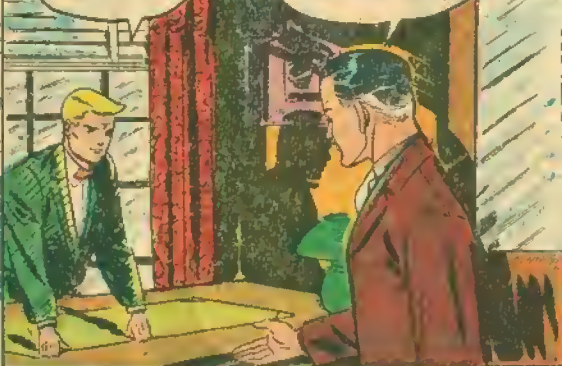
THE END

? WHO ? ? KILLED ? ? BERT ? HALLIDAY ?

PRIVATE DETECTIVE, DAN DIAMOND RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HAMILTON BIXBY, FAMED OWNER OF THE BIXBY RACING STABLES!

MY SECRETARY SAID YOUR BUSINESS WAS **URGENT**, MR. BIXBY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME, IT'S MY TRAINER, BERT HALLIDAY, WHO IS IN NEED OF HELP!



BERT'S LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED BY A GAMBLER NAMED **SMILEY GEORGETTE**, WHO ACCUSED BERT OF **WELSHING** ON A BET! I WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE MY TRAINER! HE'S A VERY **VALUABLE** MAN!



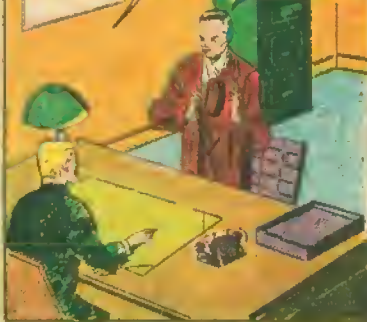
I'M SORRY, MR. BIXBY, BUT I MADE IT A POLICY NOT TO PLAY **NURSEMAID**! I CAN RECOMMEND...

WON'T YOU AT LEAST THINK IT OVER! YOU WILL BE WELL COMPENSATED!



RIGHT NOW I'M IN THE MIDST OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT! IF I COULD CLEAR IT UP BY THIS WEEK, I MAY TAKE YOUR CASE! CALL ME IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, AND IN THE MEANTIME HAVE HALLIDAY STAY INDOORS!

THANK YOU, MR. DIAMOND!



AFTER BIXBY LEAVES...

MISS DOOLAN! IS THERE ANYTHING ON "SMILEY" GEORGETTE IN OUR FILES?

I'LL SEE, MR. DIAMOND!



HMM... A REAL **TOUGH CUSTOMER**! NOT THE CHEAP PUNK I THOUGHT HE WAS!



COLOSSAL FEATURES MAGAZINE

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

YES MISS DOOLIN, I'M

THROUGH WITH THE DARTON CASE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! I THINK I'LL PHONE BIXBY AND...I'LL TAKE IT, MISS DOOLIN!



DAN DIAMOND SPEAKING--WHAT? I'LL BE THERE, IMMEDIATELY. MR. BIXBY!



CALL THE GARAGE MISS DOOLIN AND TELL THEM TO HAVE MY CAR READY! BERT HALLIDAY HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED IN HAMILTON BIXBY'S HOME!



AND WHEN DAN ARRIVES AT THE APARTMENT HE FINDS HAMILTON BIXBY TIED HAND AND FOOT.

UNTIE ME DIAMOND AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE COMPLETE STORY!



I TOLD BERT THAT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FOR HIM TO STAY HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS UNTIL I HEARD FROM YOU! WELL, WE WERE ENJOYING A FEW DRINKS WHEN THERE CAME A KNOCKING ON THE DOOR! I WENT TO ANSWER IT!



THERE I WAS GREETED BY A MAN WITH A HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS FACE, AND BEFORE I KNEW IT I FELT THE BUTT OF A GUN ON MY HEAD!

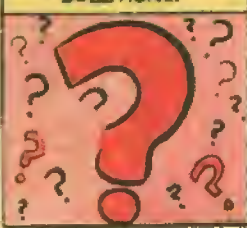


WHEN I AWOKE, I SAW BERT LYING THERE AND I WAS TIED! I KICKED THE PHONE FROM THE TABLE AND CALLED YOU! I'M SURE IT WAS GEORGETTE, OR ONE OF HIS HENCHMAN!



NO, BIXBY! I HARDLY THINK SO! BECAUSE IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED BERT HALLIDAY!

STUNNED AND SHAKEN BY DIAMOND'S ACCUSATION HAMILTON BIXBY DENIED KILLING HIS HORSE TRAINER, BERT HALLIDAY! BUT HE WAS CONVICTED BY THE EVIDENCE OF DAN DIAMOND AT THE TRIAL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT EVIDENCE WAS?...NO? WELL, THEN TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE CORRECT SOLUTION...



YOUR HONOR, WHEN I ARRIVED AT BIXBY'S APARTMENT HE WAS TIED HAND AND FOOT! IT WAS IN THIS POSITION THAT HE KICKED THE PHONE FROM THE RECEIVER AND CALLED ME! ALL VERY COMING! EXCEPT THAT THE PHONE BIXBY USED WAS A DIAL PHONE! BIXBY KILLED HIS TRAINER, WHEN HALLIDAY DISCOVERED HIS BOSS WAS MIXED UP IN SOME SHADY DEALS, AND TRIED TO USE ME TO HELP ESTABLISH HIS ALIBI!



THE END

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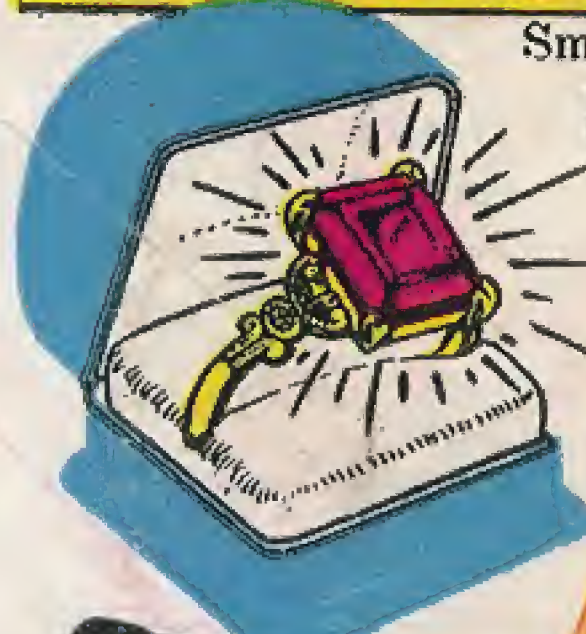
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